

The Empire

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Summary: Violence, power and eroticism. The Roman Empire is strong and prosperous. The one of the best gladiators met a slave who's meant to kill, but it seems like their fate connected in an inexplicable way.

The Empire

****_Crossed Lines_****

The arena was frantic with joy. Half naked men and lightly dressed women were shouting and screaming with all of their hearts. In the middle above, in the shadow of the stand the senator with his family slowly took their seats, as the invited politicians. There was a strained atmosphere because of the excitement, and the crowd was tensed with expectancy. A new exciting game is going to begin soon. But not everybody wanted to play.

The guard who lead the slaves stopped the chained people. The thin man behind Juvia tripped and fell on the girl but she just stood keeping her head down and tried not lose her balance. Under the coliseum, "behind the scenes" it was dark, the smell of sweat and blood was pervaded the damp walls. Juvia could feel in her mouth the metallic taste and the bare violence, which was poured from this place, got under her skin. The smell of death, thought the girl. She heard a sobbing voice behind her when the guards shouted and pushed them violently to the fusty aired narrow corridor.

She hasn't already trembled or cried. She was waiting for her destiny with quiet patience. In other words; to the end of her life.

She could not even know how she had escaped from death. That why didn't she die of starvation when she became an orphan. That why didn't she die on the ship, which in she was taken here, in some kind of illness. That why didn't the slave owner whipped her to death when he had a chance. She didn't know why, but she didn't resist. She was

too scared to be a suicide. She believed in her fate. However, she prayed to the gods in secret to let her free from the worldly life's misery, she wouldn't have run voluntarily into her death.

She heard the senator's strong and commanding voice which was echoed the whole amphitheatre.

"People of Capua! The time has come to see how strong the gladiators of the Roman Empire are!" The people howled together with joy at the same time.

"Viva la Roma!" So the game began.

She couldn't listen more because they were pushed again and shouts were heard.

As the time passed she felt more and more her legs trembling, she knew there is no way back. The heavy iron shackle was cut her swollen leg. She clenched her mouth. She carefully turned over her head so she could look round. She was surrounded by mould covered leaked walls. The girl's glance went higher and she could see as the water drops falling down and land in a puddle. As she gazed the puddle she notice that wasn't water, it was blood. And not a blood of a roman. The girl felt like she is going to vomit, so she quickly turned down her head and stayed that way motionless.

Then a voice was heard.

"Get the hell out of here, dirty slaves! Your time is come!" And the guards slowly pulled up the heavy and rusty grid.

Then Juvia saw light. And she heard more than one thousand people's voice. Howls, screams and shouts. But those were not similar to the voices she heard under the arena. These voices were full of excitement and cheerful, blood-commanding voices.

She already got use to the semidarkness and when they stepped out she was blinded by the deceptive and promising light of the sun. The arena's air was fresher but humid.

The sun was slowly covered by clouds. Juvia also could feel something else. The smell of blood and sand.

They were shepherd to the middle of the arena while the people shouted to them. After all they were nobody. A bunch of garbage. Meat for the lions.

"It wouldn't be much pleasure if the gladiators were in superiorityâ€¦!" the people laughed loudly. "Therefore some of the slaves will get a sword! Let the game begin!" the senator finished and Juvia didn't dare to look. She just stood turning down her head. But when she heard the clank of chains she turned her head to that way with the other people. Some of the slaves stepped before them so they could protect the weaker ones in their last moments, others crept backwards.

"Now, welcome to the arena our best three gladiators. Laxus! Natsu! And Gray!" The crowd rejoiced at the happiness. Juvia's ears were buzzing, the blood was pulsed in her head, and her heart was thumping faster and faster. She hasn't already heard the spectators' screams,

the voices became a monotonous murmur.

She didn't even notice that the three gladiators stepped into the arena. Their faces were covered by a helmet, it was very hard to make a distinction between them; just their crest's colors were different. One of them had black, the other's had red, and the third one had dark blue plumes in the top of their helmets. They slowly surround them from three sides. There wasn't a way out. The spectators screamed, the slaves waited quietly.

Then a determined shout was heard and one of the slaves attacked the black crested gladiator. In that moment when he tried to use his sword the gladiator stabbed his spear to the man's chest. He fell lifelessly to the arena's ground. With this, the fight got started.

Less and less people stayed alive and Juvia got to closer and closer to the fight which she had to do for her life. Suddenly a girl next to her grabbed her arm desperately.

"Please, help me!" she whispered huskily. Juvia tighten her hand and they tried to disappear in the slaves' crowd.

However there were more slaves at the start, as the time passed, more and more body fell into the sand. Juvia was pushed and somebody fell onto her. She screamed but her voice disappeared in the loud noise. Her hand was wrested from the girl's hand. Juvia clutch after her in horror but she hasn't already reached her, because the body pulled her down to the ground. That was the last time she saw the girl.

Right next to her, one of the armed slaves was fighting with the red plumed gladiator. Juvia tried to stay away from them and get away. But when she heard the painful shout as the man let out his last breath, she collected her all strength and pushed off the body from herself and jumped up. Nevertheless, because of the big swing she fell on a strong back and she landed in the sand again. It was the dark blue plumed gladiator.

She was trembling in fear when he turned towards her with raised sword. She couldn't see behind his helmet because of their distance. The girl crept further and further and when she has already thought that the gladiator kill her, one of the slaves attacked him from behind. He leant forward and continued the fight elsewhere. The black crested gladiator pulled out of his spear from a slave at that moment.

In front of the girl, a man became unarmed and when Juvia saw a sword in the ground she run to grab it and threw it to the man. But suddenly the dark blue plumed gladiator kicked out the sword of his hand. The girl only noticed in that moment that there aren't any live slaves except her in the arena.

Only Juvia and the blue plumed gladiator stayed on their feet. The gladiator took off his helmet and threw it to the sand. The girl saw his messy coal black hair, his emotionless stare. Sand and blood mixed with the sweat on his muscular body and made a way down to his toned abdomen.

Suddenly their glances met. The girl fell down to her knees without a

word. She knew it's over.

The senator stood up in the stand and raised his hand. The gladiator looked up and waited for his decision. The rain carefully, so nobody could notice it, started to drizzle. Sinister grayness spread over the arena. The senator slowly raised his thumb. The people started grumbling. The senator looked to Juvia whose face was covered by blood. Then he turned down his stretched thumb. The crowd murmured. The command was unambiguous.

The girl still on her knees, eyes locked to the gladiator's grey ones. The man raised his blooded sword to her neck but the girl didn't move. She didn't beg for her life. She only closed her hands into fists so it couldn't be seen that they're trembling. Her heart pounded in her ribcage like it thought that he could escape from the deathly hit. That he didn't have to atrophy in this young, short-lived body.

The man raised his muscular arms to kill her. Their glances met again and she saw the grey clouds reflected in his eyes. For one second she read some sorry for her from a glint of his glance. She thought it is a miracle to die staring into these eyes after all.

The man's muscles tensed, the girl's relaxed. The man's eyes stuck to her neck, the girl's eyes closed. And then, in that time finallyâ€¦

"STOP" a feminine voice was heard and the gladiator's hand stopped in the air. Then he raised his glance to the stand.

X

* * *

><p>Gosh, I wanted to write this story for so long! I hope you'll like this roman, spartacus-like thing, because I really love this topic.<p>

By the way the three gladiators' plumes were the same color as their guild marks in Fairy Tail. So the black one was Laxus, Natsu the red and the dark blue was Gray. Yeah. I know you've found out. ;)

End
file.